



# THE HIST Henry th

*Enter the King, Lord  
of Westmer*

*King*



O shaken as v  
Find we a tim  
And breath sh  
To be comme  
No more the t  
Shal dawbe h

No more shall trenching war ch  
Nor bruise her flourets with the  
Of hostile paces : those opposed  
Which like the meteors of a tro  
All of one nature, of one substa  
Did lately meete in the intestin  
And furious close of ciuill bute  
Shall now in mutuall welbeseen  
March all one way, and be no m  
Against acquaintance, kindred a  
The edge of war, like an ill she  
No more shall cut his matter: the  
As far as to the sepulchre of Ch  
Whose souldiour now, vnder w  
We are impressed and ingag'd t  
Forthwith a power of English sh  
Whose armes were moulded in t  
To chase these Pagans in those l  
Ouer whose acres walkt those blo

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